

EVENING WORLD XMAS HOST TO 3,000 NEWSIES

Youngsters Break Records
in Consuming Turkey
and All the Fixings.

WAS AN ANNUAL AFFAIR

Great Crowd Waited From
Early Morning and Quickly
Filled Five Big Halls.

"Gee, but dat dinner was a winner!"
Der best ever.
Such was the verdict of a ragged
newsboy, snuffed out like a gutter
candle as he left the Terrace Garden
this afternoon. He was one of three
thousand newsboy guests at the an-
nual Christmas dinner given to the boys
who sell the "papers" by the Evening
World.

It has been the custom for a number
of years for The Evening World to
make the "newsies" Christmas a
happy one by inviting one and all of
them to a bountiful Christmas dinner.
This year was no exception. A dinner
with scraps and beams of good things to
eat—a regular old-fashioned Christmas
dinner, with all the fixings, and a reg-
ular blizzard of pies of all kinds—was
provided at Terrace Garden. Provision
had been made to feed a small army of
hungry boys.

Tables Heavily Laden.

Five great halls in Terrace Garden
were converted into one big dining hall,
with rows and rows of tables, set with
snowy linen, brightly polished silver-
ware and shining glassware. The culi-
nary department had a ton of hot,
steaming turkey to serve out, and
plenty of cranberry sauce, squash and
other Christmas dinner trimmings.
The newsboys came from the five
boroughs, each with his unsold papers
under his arm and the proud possessor
of a ravenous appetite.
Long before 12:30 o'clock, when the
doors were thrown open, fifty-eight
streets in front of Terrace Garden was
filled with a noisy but happy crowd of
newsboys. They cheered lustily from
time to time for The Evening World,
played pop-gun on each other, sang
"Waiting at the Garden" in a mighty
chorus and merrily passed the time
away until the big doors were swung
open.

Then came the deluge. They swarmed
up the stairs and descended on the ta-
bles with a vengeance. On each table was
a generous supply of pie of all kinds
in quarter cuts. Little did courses mat-
ter to the hungry boys. They de-
scended upon the pie, regardless of the
protests of sixty waiters that it wasn't
the time for pie. The plates flew away
a quarter of pie in record-breaking
time. In less than five minutes the
several hundred plates were empty.

Waved American Flags.

The boys then turned to the large
French rolls. In each roll was a small
American flag. Between mountains of
the waving flags in the air, and
loudly cheered The Evening World.
Before the boys could finish the rolls
the waiters had to be called away to
bring and soon nothing but the clatter of
bony spoons and forks could be heard.
The boys stowed away the following menu:

Celery.	Roast turkey.	Pickles.
Sweet potatoes.	Squash.	Turnip.
Stewed prunes.	Apple sauce.	Crabapple sauce.
Mince, peach, apple, pumpkin and custard pie.	Ice cream.	Tea.

Five Characters in Front.

First in the line to enter the dining
halls were five well-known charac-
ters among the newsboys. They were
First came Alvin O'Kane, eight
years old, known by his comrades at
City Hall Park as "the kid who
cause of his ability to clean out his
stock of extras in record time. Close
behind him was his sidekick, George
O'Kane, the "happy kid," so-called
because of his never-failing good
nature and a face that is always
beamed with a smile.

Two cripples followed. The third boy
was Anthony Fuller, a newsboy who
would have been a tall and powerful
man but for an accident that robbed
him of both his legs. He is well known
among the "Great White Way" and has
a newsstand at Broadway and Thirty-
first street.

Another cripple was "Sunny Billy"
Katz. Misfortune did not cause "Sunny
Billy" to look on the dark side of life.
He is one of the most conspicuous
figures among the newsies, selling
papers at the Manhattan end of the
Williamsburg Bridge.

The boys came from the extreme
northern portions of the Bronx, from
places in Staten Island and from all
portions of the boroughs of Queens,
Brooklyn and Manhattan. They were a
noisy and happy lot, and while dinner
progressed kept the four Adolphs—
Adolph Susskind, proprietor of Ter-
race Garden; Special Officer Adolph Ja-
cobs, Head Warden of the House of
Detention; Adolph Eckert and
Manager Adolph Aaron—busy in keep-
ing the roof on the building.

Frank Broadman, the circulation
department of The Evening World, as-
sisted by thirty-five of his staff, was
in charge of the dinner when they
dined.

The dinner lasted from 12:30 to 3
o'clock and the boys came trooping in
until the last hour in groups of twen-
ty-five and fifty as fast as they had
sold their early editions.

The supply of good things was so
bountiful that there was more than
enough to go around, and dainties were
sent to many nearby institutions.
To make sure that no newsboy was
left out, emissaries were sent into all
parts of the city to gather in the boys
and make sure that all partook of a
Christmas dinner.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 25.—Just
as he presented a Christmas gift to his
wife, Thomas Carlin, of this city,
dropped dead of heart disease.

There had been the usual Christmas
gala at the Carlin home. Mr. Carlin
produced from his hiding place a neatly
wrapped parcel, which he had bought
several days previously.
He handed it to his wife and kissed
her.

"I wish you a merry Christmas, my
dear," he said, "and—"
The sentence was not finished. Car-
lin put his hand to his side, reeled and
fell to the floor. In another moment he
was a corpse, and his wife was sobbing
over him, with the parcel lying un-
opened on the floor.
The dead man was sixty-two years
old.

THE EVENING WORLD, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1906. 3 SCENES AT GRAND CENTRAL PALACE AS THE SALVATION ARMY GIVES OUT 6,000 DINNERS

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN EVENING WORLD STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER)



TICKET CHOPPER DIES FROM JOY

Danced a Jig in Anticipation
of Xmas at Home with
Children.

While dancing a jig in anticipation of
going home to enjoy a Christmas tree
with his wife and three children, Tim-
othy F. Carlos, a ticket-chopper, died
dropped dead beside his ticket box to-
day on the uptown platform of the
Sixty-sixth street station of the Ninth
avenue elevated. Heart failure, in-
duced by excitement, was the verdict
of Dr. Barker, of Roosevelt Hospital.

Carlos, who was fifty years old, was
on duty all night with James J. Ryan,
of No. 80 West Ninety-first street, the
ticket agent. Most of the time Carlos
talked of the prospect he had pur-
chased for his children and how he
had planned with his wife to have the
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GIVES TOY STORE TO POOR CHILDREN

That Is, East Side Tots Got
All the Storeroom
Contained.

Several hundred children ranging in
ages from five to twelve flocked into
the big toy store of Henry Rosenfeld
at No. 118 Park row today, and a half
hour or so later the store in the
neighborhood were filled with young-
sters beating drums, playing miniature
battles and nursing dolls, all the gifts
of Rosenfeld who for the past five
years has provided many of the chil-
dren of the East Side with Christmas
presents.

As early as seven o'clock the street
in front of the store was crowded with
children, and they fought and pushed
each other to get a place near the
door. Four policemen and several em-
ployees had all they could do to keep
the juvenile crowd in order.

One little lad emerged from the
crowd with a big smile. He was
smiling as he drew a rattle and gun
from his bag, and he retreated to the
back of the store to play with his
presents until the older boys had gone.

Mr. Rosenfeld said that he had pre-
pared himself for a bigger crowd than
ever. His stock of presents was nearly
exhausted when the last of the children
had gone.

Before daylight the line began form-
ing in the Bowery, between Delancey
and Livingston streets. The line was
made up of the Bowery
Hunger squad that had been floating
around all night with no place to
eat, the sailors who had been waiting
for a meal with the late comers
who were the more fortunate who had
a dispensation of the Big Smoke's
kitchen. Some fortunate ones ate early
and reformed in line, efficient time
clamping to renew an appetite for a
second helping.

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EX-CONVICTS TALK WAY TO FREEDOM

Have Reformed, They Told
Magistrates, but the Po-
lice Hound Them.

Two ex-convicts, taking advantage
of the prevailing Xmas spirit, talked
themselves out of police courts to-day.
Both had been picked up on suspicion.
Michael Fisher, who lives in Brook-
lyn, was arrested in the Bronx yester-
day afternoon by Detective-Sergeants
Wines and McCatt. They accused
him in Harlem Police Court of enter-
ing a flat-house and loitering in the
hallway. Fisher asked and secured
permission of Magistrate Barlow to say
something in his own behalf.

"I won't say much," he began, "but
I'll start off by saying that it's hard
for a former crook to be honest in
this town. I did my bit five years ago,
and I've reformed. I'm married, and I
work hard every day. Yesterday I
was in the Bronx to see some relatives
when I saw these cops trailing me. I
knew they were after me, because I
was picked up once before simply be-
cause my picture is in the gallery."

"I tried to shake them by stepping
into the hallway of a flat house and
waiting for them to go by. Instead of
going by they came in. I suppose I've
lost my job on account of this, but
Judge, I want to
spend Christmas in my home. I'm a
good man, and I'm not a crook any
more. I'm a fatherly man, and I
want to put in the day in jail."

Magistrate Barlow asked Fisher if
he would appear in court to-morrow.
The man promised to do so and was
released on parole.

John Ferguson was the other
rogue. He was charged with the theft
of a Merry Christmas tree. Ferguson is
thirty-three years old, well set up, well
dressed, and the detectives say, a con-
fidence man of infinite skill and re-
source. Detective-Sergeant Galvin picked
him up in the crush at the Manhattan
end of the Brooklyn Bridge last night.

Ferguson was taken to the Central
Police Court, where he was charged with
theft of a Merry Christmas tree. "Old
Dave" was spruce and confident,
despite his night in a cell at Headquarters.
It did not take him long to
gain the ear of the Magistrate.

"Look at me, Judge," he said, "an
old man, thirty-three years old, with a
family to support, and I'm in here be-
cause I stole a Christmas tree. I want
to go home to my family. I'm a good
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SALVATION ARMY FEEDS BIGGEST CROWD OF ALL

But It Also Has Largest
Christmas Fund in
Its History.

If those who complained of the in-
sistence of the Salvation Army col-
lectors in the past few weeks had been
at Grand Central Palace to-day they
would have felt ashamed. If they had
seen the long lines of shivering thou-
sands, filing hopefully into the big
building and hurrying joyfully out
carrying an abundance of good, whole-
some food, they would have felt that
the pennies they dropped into the boxes
and kettles of the Salvation Army
ladies were not expended in vain.

Prosperity vs. Poverty.

It may be true, as Secretary Shaw
says, that this country is suffering from
a surplus of prosperity; it is undoubt-
edly true that there is more poverty in
New York to-day than there was last
Christmas. The contributions to the
Salvation Army dinner fund were larger
than ever before, but the requests for
the dinners were more numerous than
ever before.

There were 3,000 baskets and 1,000 bags
—each basket and each bag filled with
distributed at the Grand Central Palace.
Several thousand bundles of old clothes
were given out. When all the baskets
and bags were gone there were still
lines of shivering applicants waiting.

In previous years it has been the
custom of the Salvation Army to serve
the Christmas dinner to the poor
cooked and ready to be eaten on the
spot. Commander Eva Booth, after
discussing the matter with various au-
thorities, decided upon a new plan for
this Christmas. She felt that to give
a basket containing the raw mate-
rial for a dinner was better
than to give a cooked dinner to one.
The former expense of cooking and
serving was sent into the baskets and bags,
Commander Booth planned to give out
3,000 baskets. The receipts from the
charitable were so large that the fund
overflowed. There was enough for 1,000
extra dinners, but baskets could not be
procured, so strong paper bags were
substituted.

Each basket or bag contained a fat
chicken, a can of soup, a loaf of bread,
and plenty of potatoes, carrots, apples,
oranges, sugar and tea. The supply
was ample for a dinner for five, and
the Salvation Army gave a Christmas
dinner to at least 30,000 people.

Most of the applications for dinners
had been investigated and cards had
been issued to those deemed worthy.
As long as the cards held out the sol-
diers were favored. When no more had
been issued, the cards were recognized.
Commander Booth handed each applicant
the basket with a smiling "God bless
you, I wish you a Merry Christmas."

Close by her side was a man with
an enormous bag full of nickels. Each
applicant was asked to contribute. The
bag was the big pile of nickels that
members of the Army had col-
lected and the tin clasp was fitted
out before starting back to their home
with the food.

Those of us who see poverty only in
spots and infrequently cannot imagine
the effect of poverty in mass, as it was
crowded about Grand Central Palace.
Although the distribution of baskets did
not begin until 10 o'clock, there were
scores in line at 7:30. The first person
to receive a basket was Mary McCall-
lough.

This woman is eighty-eight years old.
All day long she has been waiting. She
weighed more than three or four pounds.
To gain her place in line she was an
happy one, and may you learn of
Christ's love, who was rich, and upon
this day, for our sakes, became poor."

Woman First in Line.

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This is the biggest distribution we
have ever made, said Commander
Booth. The contributions to our fund
were unprecedented, but to our amazement,
we had more calls than ever be-
fore. It is true that we are in an area
of prosperity, but what the prosperity
does not extend to our very poor.

"I find that the landlady is get-
ting a larger percentage of the earnings
of the poor at this time than ever be-
fore. The rent is higher, and the rates
of the problem of the poverty-stricken."

Magistrate Barlow asked Fisher if
he would appear in court to-morrow.
The man promised to do so and was
released on parole.

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THAW GETS A DINNER FROM DELMONICO'S

Alone, Without a Visitor,
Millionaire Slayer Spends
Doleful Holiday.

With millions of dollars at his com-
mand, Harry Kendall Thaw, the slayer
of Stanford White, spent the most un-
happy Christmas of his life in his close
little cell in the Tombs. There were
presents galore for him, sent by his
wife, Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw, and his
mother. But he did not take any un-
usual interest in them.

Among his presents was a fine lambs-
wool sweater, with silk sleeves, a num-
ber of suits of imported underwear and
some little pieces of jewelry. The
warden delivered them to him as soon
as he arose. He could not receive cab-
lers, as the rules of the prison forbid
visits in prisoners on Christmas.

Thaw was lonely. He walked about
his cell with an expression of utter de-
jection on his pale face. This is his first
Christmas in confinement. In former
years he was the gayest of the gay on
this day. He declared to the Tombs
officials that he would be free long be-
fore this time next year, and his con-
fidence and hope was not dashed by any
remarks in reply.

His wife and his mother, when they
saw him yesterday, promised they
would be with him early to-morrow.
Christmas in the Tombs is much like
any other day. Thaw was locked in his
cell, except during the usual exercise
hours. When he went to the corridors
he was accompanied by a guard. He
sleaved sweater under his coat, but he
was not proud of it. Evidently he was
thinking of the unwritten law and that
jury is must face.

Thaw had a very fine Christmas din-
ner from Delmonico's. The first feast
that he had since he became a prisoner.
Mrs. Thaw, his wife, ordered it
yesterday. It consisted of turkey,
wild duck, game of various kinds, but
no liquors. It was delivered to him this
afternoon and was cold. This morning
Thaw attended the Episcopal
service conducted by the Rev.
John Wade.

LITTLE MOTHERS DINED BY TILFORD

Seven Hundred Happy Little
Girls Get Food, School
Bags and Tops.

There were 700 happy little girls in
Murray Hill Lyceum this afternoon at
the fifth Christmas dinner given by
Frank Tilford to the little mothers of
New York City, under the direction of
the Little Mothers' Aid Association. None
of the guests was more than twelve
years old and each of them is the
little mother of a family of smaller
brothers and sisters who mother is
obliged to go out to work.

The little mothers were selected by the
Aid Association with the help of
teachers in the public schools, and their
joy at the dinner, which was the real
Christmas sort, with roast turkey and
all the trimmings, was evident. The com-
mittee reported that only two children
invited did not attend. The girls were
unhappy because they had no
shoes. Special dinners, with toys and
shoes, were sent to them at once. Af-
ter the feast, each girl received a cloth
school bag with a large doll and a
picture book or a game.

The president of the Aid Association
is Mrs. Clarence Burns, and the chair-
man is Mrs. Louise Schroeder. The
members of the committee are Mrs. H.
Biddle, Mrs. S. S. Desmarais, Mrs.
E. Lessing, Mrs. Malcolm MacLean,
Mrs. O. M. Ferrand, Miss Jeannette
Olmsted and Miss Ella Tinklen.

Mr. Tilford watched the little mothers
arrive, and as soon as they were com-
fortably seated at the long tables dis-
appeared. Henry A. Grosbeck, treas-
urer of the association, made a speech
of welcome, during which he was
greeted by the happy guests as "Uncle
Harry."

SANTA CLAUS MADE ROUNDS ON TRAIN

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 25.—H. H.
McHarg, who recently sold his Virginia
and Northwestern Railway to the
Southern, handsomely remembered all
his officials and employees yesterday. He
ran a "Santa Claus special" over the en-
tire length of the road. "Santa Claus"
being the conductor.

To every employee who had been in
the company service for one year
"Santa Claus" gave one month's sal-
ary as a Christmas present. Other
tokens were presented to the remain-
ing employees. To the head officials of
the road Mr. McHarg presented one
year's salary each.

CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR STRIKING PRINTERS.

Typographical Union Gives Each
of 4,000 Men Turkey Money
with Regular Benefit.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—The four thou-
sand printers who still are on strike in
the United States for an eight hour
working day will receive to-day a
Christmas present from the Interna-
tional Typographical Union of \$10.00.
The money will be divided equally
among the strikers, each receiving \$2.50
in addition to their regular weekly
strike pay.

One condition goes with the union
gift. That is that the money be
expended in purchase a Christmas tur-
key for the families of the men tur-

DROPPED DEAD AS HE GAVE CHRISTMAS GIFT

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 25.—Just
as he presented a Christmas gift to his
wife, Thomas Carlin, of this city,
dropped dead of heart disease.

There had been the usual Christmas
gala at the Carlin home. Mr. Carlin
produced from his hiding place a neatly
wrapped parcel, which he had bought
several days previously.
He handed it to his wife and kissed
her.

"I wish you a merry Christmas, my
dear," he said, "and—"
The sentence was not finished. Car-
lin put his hand to his side, reeled and
fell to the floor. In another moment he
was a corpse, and his wife was sobbing
over him, with the parcel lying un-
opened on the floor.
The dead man